FAMILY GUY

"The Juice is Loose!"

Production #6ACX13

Written by

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Directed by

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Created by

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TABLE DRAFT
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"THE JUICE IS LOOSE!"

CAST LIST FOR #6ACX13:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)

CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)

MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)

STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY

AUDIENCE MEMBER.....TBD (MARK HENTEMANN)

BEAVER.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)

BILLY DEE WILLIAMS.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

BLIND GUY.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)

BUGS BUNNY.....SETH MACFARLANE

CENSUS TAKER.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)

CHILD..... (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)

CONDUCTOR.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)

DIANE SIMMONS.....LORI ALAN (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)

FATHER.....TBD (SUB: RICH APPEL)

FJURG.....JOHN VIENER

GIRL #1.....(SUB: KIM FERTMAN)

GIRL #2.....TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)

GIRL #3.....(SUB: KIM FERTMAN)

HISPANIC MIAD.....MIKE HENRY

JAFAR.....SETH MACFARLANE

JAMAICAN NANNY.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

JOE.....PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

KIDS CHORUS.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN/KIM FERTMAN/STEVE CALLAGHAN)

LOUISE.....TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)

MINISTER.....TBD (DANNY SMITH)

MORT.....JOHNNY BRENNAN (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)

MR. PERKINS.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)

O.J. .....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)

OSAMA BIN LADEN.....SETH MACFARLANE

PERSIAN DJ.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE

QUIRKY SITCOM ROOMMATE.....TBD (SUB: ANDREW GOLDBERG)

SIGHTED GUY.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)

THELMA.....(SUB: KIM FERTMAN)

TOM TUCKER.....SETH MACFARLANE

TOWNSPERSON #1.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)

TOWNSPERSON #2.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

TOWNSPERSON #3.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)

TV ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

STEWIE sits on the floor, playing with blocks. PETER sits on the couch, watching TV.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now back to The Disney Channel's exclusive presentation, "Aladdin 5: Jafar Answers the Census."

ANGLE ON the TV.

EXT. JAFAR'S PALACE - DAY (ON TV)

We see JAFAR standing at the doorway of his palace as a CENSUS TAKER reads questions from a clipboard.

CENSUS TAKER

Okay, and how many people live here in your palace?

JAFAR

Um, does the bird count?

CENSUS TAKER

Does the bird live here?

JAFAR

Yes.

CENSUS TAKER

Then, yes, the bird counts.

JAFAR

Okay, two.

CENSUS TAKER

Great. What is your primary source of income?

JAFAR

Um, sorcery... and a little from political corruption. But, primarily sorcery.

CENSUS TAKER

Yeah, I'll just put sorcery. Okay, um, are you gay, straight or not sure?

JAFAR

Uh, why are you asking me this?

CENSUS TAKER

It's just-- I don't write the questions.

JAFAR

I know, it just seems a little personal.

CENSUS TAKER

Yeah, I understand. You're free to not answer it if that's your choice.

JAFAR

No, it's okay, you can put "not sure."

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS enters from upstairs, carrying her purse and a book.

LOIS

Okay, Peter, I'm off to my book club. You'll babysit Stewie?

PETER

For eleven dollars an hour.

LOIS

Peter, I'm not paying you to take care of your own child.

PETER

You paid me to take care of Meg and Chris that week you were gone.

LOIS

Peter, that was money for their food.

PETER

Well, that explains why they were so drowsy and why I had so many great new clothes that week.

LOIS

Peter, listen--

PETER

No, you listen. My rate is eleven dollars an hour.

LOIS

Fine. Eleven dollars an hour. But stay out of the liquor cabinet.

Peter **groans** like a petulant teenager.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Peter. I don't want a repeat of the last time I left you alone with one of our children.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter and Lois stand over a tombstone that reads, "Peter Griffin Jr." Lois is **sobbing.**

LOIS

Oh, it's just so horrible.

PETER

I'm sorry, Lois. I thought if I shook him enough he'd stop crying. (LONG BEAT, THEN HE TURNS TO HER) I was kinda right.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter lies on his stomach on the couch, talking on the phone, twirling the phone cord and kicking his legs like a teenage girl. There are record albums and magazines strewn about, as well as a container of ice cream.

PETER

(INTO THE PHONE) Yeah, I'm babysitting for Stewie. Matt wanted to go out tonight, but I had to tell him no. (BEAT) Matt, my friend down at the brewery. We were supposed to have a couple beers. Anyway, you guys should totally come over. (BEAT) What? You're already here? No way!

Peter jumps up and runs over to the front door. When he opens it, QUAGMIRE, CLEVELAND, and JOE are standing on the front stoop with grocery bags. Peter and Quagmire both **scream excitedly** into their phones.

PETER/QUAGMIRE

Aaaaaaaaaah! / We're talking on the phone, but I'm standing right in front of you!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter and the guys sit around the coffee table, drinking wine coolers.

PETER

Okay, Quagmire's turn. Truth or dare?

QUAGMIRE

I pick dare-- no, no, truth. Truth.

PETER

Okay, truth. Do you have AIDS?

QUAGMIRE

(WAVING HIM OFF UNCOMFORTABLY)
Ahhhhh, come on, we're all just trying to have a good time.

PETER

Okay, Cleveland, your turn. Truth or dare?

CLEVELAND

Um... dare.

PETER

Okay. I dare you to make out with Joe for fifteen seconds.

CLEVELAND/JOE

What?! / No way! Ew! Ew!

PETER

You gotta. It's a dare.

QUAGMIRE

That's the game.

PETER

(QUICKLY) That's the game.

Cleveland looks at Joe.

CLEVELAND

Okay, what the hell? I'm an open-minded person. It's just my body.

JOE

So am I. No big deal.

Joe and Cleveland close their eyes and slowly move together to kiss.

QUAGMIRE

Oh my god, they're gonna do it!

(EXCITED NOISES, THEN) I gotta take a picture!

Quagmire takes out his cell phone and lines it up for a shot. Joe and Cleveland then **kiss.** As they **make out for fifteen seconds**, everyone freaks out.

PETER

Holy crap! No way! No freakin' way! Quagmire, take a picture! Aaaaaaah! Aaaaaaah! Aaaaaaah!

QUAGMIRE

They're doing it! They're doing it! They're doing it! (SNAPS A PICTURE) Aaaaaaah! Aaaaaaah! Aaaaaaah!

Joe and Cleveland finally break their kiss, and everyone stops **screaming.** Cleveland smiles slightly.

JOE

What are you smiling about?

CLEVELAND

We consider it a win if we kiss anybody who's white.

QUAGMIRE

Wow, that kinda turned me on, and I've been with a lot of women.

PETER

How many women have you had sex with?

QUAGMIRE

A giggity. (OFF THEIR LOOKS) You know, fifty thousand.

CLEVELAND

That's what a giggity is?

QUAGMIRE

Yep.

PETER

So you've been saying "fifty thousand, fifty thousand" all these years?

QUAGMIRE

Yep. There's two things that turn me on -- vaginas and math.

ANGLE ON the staircase. Stewie looks down through the banister.

STEWIE

Hey! Keep it down! Some of us are trying to pretend to read by describing what the pictures on the page are doing.

PETER

Stewie, go to bed!

STEWIE

What, am I expected to put myself to bed? Is no one taking care of me? He's a worse dad than a rich, New York City investment banker.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A MAN sits on a couch, reading the paper. A CHILD enters.

CHILD

Hi, Daddy! At school today, they picked one kid to--

FATHER

(NOT LOOKING UP) Millie, it's in here again.

A JAMAICAN NANNY enters and grabs the kid's hand.

JAMAICAN NANNY

Me sorry, Mr. Sir. (THEN, TO CHILD) Get out of the room, dem der, you bodder you father. Him unhappy him had you in the first place. Now, come on, I'll let you rub some lotion on me elbows.

INT. GRIFFINS' BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Stewie stands on the counter, looking in the mirror. He finishes combing his hair.

STEWIE

There we are. All handsome for Dreamland. Let's just check the makeup mirror to be sure.

Stewie grabs a circular makeup mirror connected to the wall and pulls it in front of his face.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, my pores are huge!

ANGLE ON the mirror. Stewie's pores look like big holes. BUGS BUNNY pops out of one of them, **chewing** a carrot.

BUGS BUNNY

Eh... (BITES CARROT) maybe try exfoliating, Doc.

ANGLE ON Stewie, who does a huge Warner Bros. take, accompanied by a Carl Stalling **sting.** He looks at the camera with two **xylophone-accompanied** eye blinks.

STEWIE

Mother.

He opens the medicine cabinet and starts rifling through.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Well, time to raid Meg's powerful arsenal of astringents.

He notices a block of what appears to be chocolate wrapped in foil, sticking half-way out of a box that reads, "Laxative."

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Well, well. Hello, Mr. Candy bar. Who left you here?

Stewie grabs some of the "chocolate" and eats it. He grabs the rest of the package and **gobbles up** the remaining laxatives.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Careful, Stewie, you know what they say. A minute on the lips, a lifetime on the-- (EYES WIDEN) Uh-oh. (THEN) Wow, I didn't even have to work for that one. (BEAT) That one either. (BEAT) Or that one. (GETTING NERVOUS) Oh my god, it's not stopping! Get Spike Lee in here, the levees have been breached again!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter and the guys sit on the couch in various teenage girl poses (hugging pillows, etc.) and watch TV.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to "Teenage Girls With Magical Powers Because Normal Girls Are Boring."

ANGLE ON the TV.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY (ON TV)

THREE GIRLS stand, talking.

GIRL #1

Oh, no, the math test is in one hour and we haven't studied.

GIRL #2

What are we gonna do?

GIRL #3

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

ALL THE GIRLS

Let's levitate Mr. Perkins!

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS (ON TV CONT'D)

MR. PERKINS floats up from his chair and looks around frantically.

MR. PERKINS

Ohhhhhh! Math class is cancelled!

Mr. Perkins throws all of his papers in the air and shakes his head.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

JOE

Hey, Peter?

PETER

Yeah?

JOE

PILLOW FIGHT!

Joe **smacks** Peter hard in the face with one of the couch cushions. Peter falls out of frame.

PETER (O.S.)

Ow! You bastard!

Peter pops back up and **smacks** Joe with a different cushion. The guys all grab pillows and start **hitting each other and giggling.** The pillow fight, though, quickly turns violent, as the guys start **hitting each other much harder**, and then just drop the pillows and start **punching** each other. Peter **slams** Joe's head into the coffee table, **breaking** the table in half and knocking Joe unconscious. Cleveland takes a swing at Quagmire, who ducks, just as the front door opens and Lois enters. Lois takes the full force of Cleveland's **punch**, right in the face. She **yelps** and goes down.

CLEVELAND

Oh my god, sorry, Lois!

LOIS

What the hell is going on here?!

Where's Stewie?!

STEWIE (O.S.)

(YELLING, FROM UPSTAIRS) I CAN'T

STOP POOPING!

INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lois enters the bedroom followed by Peter. Lois **gasps** when she sees Stewie, lying on the floor in just his T-shirt and a very, very full diaper. Lois picks up a wrapper.

LOIS

Oh my god! You let Stewie eat

laxatives?

PETER

It's not me, Lois. It's those

liberal activist judges.

LOIS

Peter, I'm getting tired of that

excuse.

STEWIE

(WEAKLY) I'm almost hollow!

LOIS

You were supposed to be watching

Stewie. He could have <u>died</u>!

STEWIE

You're telling me. I haven't been

this sick since I had that fever

and stayed up all night listening

to Persian radio.

INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Stewie, with a thermometer in his mouth, lies in his crib next to a lit radio.

PERSIAN DJ (V.O.)

Hey, that was Roxette with "You've Got the Look." Hey, it's 21 o'clock, and still 27 centigrade out there. Hooch that's hot! So, if you're cruising along the left side of the road at 120 kilometers per hour in the Schechevi desert, turn up the decibels cuz it's Cheleb Mami with "Zechechmelech" on 103.2 the "HOCH"!

INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

Look, it ain't my fault Stewie's at the age where he's starting to get into things.

LOIS

Well, I'm not taking any more risks. Tomorrow, I'm baby-proofing this house.

PETER

Take a whiff, Lois, we got plenty of proof there's a baby in this house.

LOIS

No, "<u>proof</u>," as in make it safe.

PETER

Oh, it's a homonym.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Stewie walks with Rupert toward the kitchen.

STEWIE

Well, congratulations, Rupert.

Today marks a month since the last

time you touched me in bed.

When they arrive at the entrance to the kitchen, Stewie finds a wooden baby-gate blocking his path. Lois is in the kitchen cooking breakfast, and CHRIS is sitting at the table. Stewie stops and stares at the gate.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(TO LOIS) Hey, Big Red Bitch. What

the hell is this?

LOIS

(PICKS STEWIE UP AND PUTS HIM IN

HIS HIGH CHAIR) Good morning,

sweetie. We made the house nice

and safe for you. Now I don't have

to worry about you getting into

trouble like Chris did.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

TODDLER CHRIS enters and faces the fridge.

CHRIS

I'm gonna make a secret fort in the

freezer!

He pushes a chair over to the fridge, gets up on it, and climbs into the freezer. He shuts the door.

FLIP TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - A FEW HOURS LATER (FLASHBACK, CONT'D)

Lois enters. She opens the freezer door and **gasps** as she sees...

ANGLE ON Toddler Chris, frozen in the freezer, in the Han Solo carbonite pose.

LOIS

Oh my god, is he okay?!

WIDEN TO REVEAL BILLY DEE WILLIAMS.

BILLY DEE WILLIAMS

Don't worry, he's in perfect hibernation.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

ANGLE ON the entrance to the kitchen. Peter walks up to the gate, which only comes up to mid-calf level on him.

PETER

What the hell is this?

LOIS

It's a babygate, Peter. It's for Stewie's safety.

PETER

Well, that's fantastic, Lois, but how the hell am I supposed to get in the kitchen?

LOIS

Peter, you're a 43 year-old man, you should be able to master a baby gate.

PETER

(BEAT) Lois, you are so lucky this gate is here right now.

FLIP TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter holds a plug. He jabs a baby-proofed outlet with it.

PETER

Lois, I can't plug in my cell phone charger.

FLIP TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter stands at the bottom of the staircase, before a baby gate.

PETER

Lois, I can't get up the stairs.

FLIP TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' BATHROOM - DAY

Peter stands before the closed toilet seat, which has a baby latch on it.

PETER

(CALLING OFF, WITH DISGUST) Oh, Lois, how am I supposed to make my stools?! (SIGHS) God, this is an absolute disruption.

FLIP TO:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lois sits on the couch, reading. We hear Peter's voice from outside.

PETER (O.S.)

Lois, I need to get into the house!

LOIS

Peter, I didn't baby-proof the front door. You just turn the knob.

There is a short beat, then the door opens.

PETER

(SNEERING) Just turn the knob. You wisenheimer.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - SAME

The whole family sits at the dinner table. Lois is serving. She sets a glass of chocolate milk with a crazy straw in front of Peter.

PETER

Lois, what the hell is this?

LOIS

You asked for chocolate milk, with a crazy straw.

PETER

Exactly. This straw has like one and a half loops. It's not crazy. It's retarded. I want a clinically insane straw. A straw that is a danger to itself and others -- a just totally over-the-edge, screaming at traffic, lost its mind, Whitney Houston straw. (STANDS) You know what? I'll get it myself.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Peter enters and crosses to a drawer. He tries to open it, but there's a baby-proof latch.

PETER

Damn child-proofing.

Peter yanks at the drawer again, then, frustrated, grabs a nearby pot and begins **hammering at the drawer** until he's smashed the entire cabinet open, causing the drawer to fall out and its contents to **spill** all over the floor.

PETER (CONT'D)

(PICKS UP A CRAZY STRAW) Ah,

wicked. A triple-looper.

Peter notices something else in the mess and picks it up.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, what's this?

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter re-enters the dining room with a raffle ticket.

PETER

Guys, look what I found in the

kitchen drawer!

BRIAN

A raffle ticket?

PETER

Not just any raffle ticket, Brian.

I won this in 1989 from a Honey Nut

Cheerios sweepstakes, and I totally

forgot to cash it in. It's one

free round of golf with a famous

celebrity.

LOIS

Wow. Who's the celebrity?

PETER

I'll give you a hint: famous football player, had a bit part in "Roots", a couple of great scenes in "The Towering Inferno"...

BRIAN

Wait a minute.

LOIS

Chuck Connors? He was a basketball player, and he was in "Roots."

STEWIE

Yeah, he wasn't in "The Towering Inferno," you dumb beaver.

ANGLE ON a DUMB-LOOKING BEAVER.

BEAVER

What?! I didn't say nothin'!

MEG

Who is it, Dad?

PETER

O.J. Simpson.

The family stares at him for a beat.

BEAVER

You guys got like a pencil to chew on or somethin'?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - SAME

The family is still frozen in shock where we left them.

LOIS

(BARELY ABLE TO GET THE WORDS OUT)

Peter, why in the world would you want to play golf with O.J. Simpson?!

PETER

Why not, Lois? He's the Juice! One of the greatest football players ever!

BRIAN

Peter, he murdered two people.

A long beat.

PETER

What?

BRIAN

He brutally killed his ex-wife, Nicole Brown-Simpson, and her friend, Ron Goldman.

Another beat.

PETER

(IN DISBELIEF) O.J. Simpson?!

BRIAN

Yes!

PETER

Was this in the news?!

LOIS

Yes, Peter. It was all over the news. There was round-the-clock TV coverage, it was in all the papers, he was on the cover of every major magazine.

PETER

Lois, he was Nordberg in the "Naked Gun" movies.

CHRIS

Dad, seriously, how could you not know about this?

PETER

Well, now wait a minute, if he killed two people, how come he's not in jail?

LOIS

He was acquitted.

PETER

Oh, well, so there you go, everything's fine.

BRIAN

Well, Peter, it's generally believed that the jury made a mistake.

PETER

You're saying all those guys in their powdery wigs were wrong?

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Man, they'd have to be more mixed up than a blind peeping Tom.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

TWO GUYS squat in some bushes outside a window. One guy has sight and is casually reading a newspaper. The other guy is blind and is listening with rapt attention to every word the sighted guy says.

SIGHTED GUY

(LYING, NOT EVEN LOOKING AT THE WINDOW) So, now she's taking off her bra.

BLIND GUY

Oh yeah!

SIGHTED GUY

And looking at her boobs in the mirror. And she just stuck her thumbs in the waistband of her panties.

BLIND GUY

Yes! Now what? Is she taking them off?

SIGHTED GUY

Uh, yeah, sure. She's taking them off. (FINISHES HIS PAPER AND FOLDS IT UP) Uh-oh! She just saw us!

BLIND GUY

Ah!

The blind guy takes off running and **slams** face-first into a tree.

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

INT. QUAHOG PUBLIC LIBRARY - SAME

We see Peter searching through microfiche files. He pulls one out.

PETER

(TO HIMSELF) Let's see... top

headlines, 1994.

INT. QUAHOG PUBLIC LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON Peter, sitting at the dimly-lit microfiche station. Peter scrolls through headlines on the microfiche. We see headlines: "SIMPSON ARRESTED", "ALL EVIDENCE POINTS TO SIMPSON", "DESPITE EVIDENCE, SIMPSON ACQUITTED - PUBLIC OUTRAGED", "'SHOWGIRLS' POISED TO MAKE ELIZABETH BERKLEY A STAR", "SOUNDGARDEN, STONE TEMPLE PILOTS NOT THE SAME BAND."

EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter, Cleveland, Joe, and Quagmire sit at their regular booth. Peter is upset.

QUAGMIRE

Peter, you can't play golf with

O.J. Simpson! He's a murderer!

PETER

Yeah, that's what Lois told me, and

I wish I'd listened to her, 'cause

I'm supposed to play with him

tomorrow! This is gonna end worse

than when I played with that

orchestra.

INT. ORCHESTRA HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A huge symphony ORCHESTRA finishes a classical symphony with a lively **crescendo.** After they finish:

PETER (O.S.)

(FROM THE REAR) AND MANY MORE.

CONDUCTOR

What the hell are you doing? You just ruined the concerto!

PETER (O.S.)

(BEAT) Homo says what?

CONDUCTOR

What?

PETER (O.S.)

Ha!

CONDUCTOR

Oh!

A CLARINETIST, seated near the conductor, **plays** "BOO-DOO-BOOP-A-DOOP-BOOP."

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Stop it!

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

CLEVELAND

Peter, you got nothing to worry about. He's innocent.

PETER

Well, then you play golf with him.

CLEVELAND

(HIGH-PITCHED) I ain't playin' golf with him!

JOE

Wait a minute, Peter, this may be an unprecedented opportunity.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Maybe you could wear a wire, get O.J. to confess, and we could tape the whole thing.

QUAGMIRE

Wow, imagine it, Peter Griffin, the guy who took down O.J. Marcia Clark sure couldn't do it, that dumb beaver.

ANGLE ON the same Beaver from earlier.

BEAVER

Hey, I wasn't even there. I was building a Canadian dam at the time. Did you know that beavers affect their ecosystem more than any other animal? Except man.

PETER

(LAUGHS) He was in our house earlier.

EXT. BARRINGTON COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

The guys stand off to the side of the golf course, next to a parked surveillance van. Joe buttons up Peter's shirt to conceal the wire that is taped to his chest.

JOE

Now remember, Peter, we're gonna be right here in the van if anything goes wrong. Just try to get O.J. talking about the murders.

PETER

If it's organic to the conversation, can I ask him what it was like working with Sam Waterston in "Capricorn One?"

QUAGMIRE

I would actually love if you asked him that.

Joe, Quagmire and Cleveland enter the van as Peter walks out onto the golf course. His eyes widen and he stops as he sees...

ANGLE ON O.J. Simpson approaching from the distance carrying a golf bag. **CLOSE UP ANGLE ON** Peter. We see that he has an earpiece in his ear. He touches it lightly.

PETER

(NERVOUS) Oh man, I don't think I can do this. Joe, say something to relax me.

JOE (O.S.)

(BEAT) SING, SING A SONG, SING OUT LOUD, SING OUT STRONG/

CLEVELAND (O.S.)

SING OF GOOD THINGS, NOT BAD/

QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

SING OF HAPPY, NOT SAD/

Accompanying **music** kicks in.

JOE/CLEVELAND/QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

JUST SING, SING A SONG, MAKE IT SIMPLE TO LAST YOUR WHOLE LIFE LONG/

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Joe, Cleveland and Quagmire are surrounded by a children's CHORUS.

JOE/CLEVELAND/QUAGMIRE/KIDS' CHORUS

DON'T WORRY THAT IT'S NOT GOOD

ENOUGH FOR ANYONE ELSE TO HEAR/

JUST SING, SING A SONG/

ANGLE BACK ON Peter.

PETER

Thanks, I feel better.

O.J. walks up to Peter.

O.J.

Hi. Are you Peter Griffin?

PETER

(NERVOUSLY) LA-LA-LA-LA-LA/ LA-LA-

LA-LA-LA-LA/ LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA/

O.J.

Well, that's an awful pretty tune.

PETER

Uh, yes sir. Thank you very much,

Mr. O.J., sir.

O.J.

Well, I hope you play golf as well

as you sing. (LAUGHS) Come on,

let's tee off.

EXT. BARRINGTON COUNTRY CLUB - SHORTLY AFTER

Peter stands by the tee as O.J. gets ready to tee off.

PETER

Damn it, will you look at these golf shoes? They're all scuffed up. (FISHING) My wife was supposed to polish them, but clearly she forgot. Man, sometimes I feel like I could just stab her repeatedly. White women, huh? Jewish waiters, too. I got this Jewish waiter one time. He was awful, and I didn't tip him. You ever do anything bad to a Jewish waiter?

O.J. looks up from his ball.

O.J.

What's that, Peter? I'm sorry, I was focusing on my drive.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Joe, Cleveland, and Quagmire sit before an array of audio equipment, listening to Peter's conversation with headphones. Quagmire holds a dish mic aimed forward.

JOE

You're doing great, Peter. Just don't let him intimidate you.

Quagmire idly points the dish mic in another direction.

QUAGMIRE

Guys, guys! Someone's gettin' frogged in the clubhouse.

JOE

Quagmire!

QUAGMIRE

She sounds fat.

EXT. BARRINGTON COUNTRY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Peter approaches O.J.

PETER

Hey, you know what I like to do sometimes, Juice? I like to just confess things I've done to people. You know? Clear my conscience. It makes me feel better. Like, let's see... Oh! One time, I was backing out of my driveway, and I totally dinged my neighbor Cleveland's car. Big dent, right in the side. Never told him.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

CLEVELAND

Hey!

EXT. BARRINGTON COUNTRY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

PETER

Boy, that felt good, to get it off my chest. How about you, O.J.? Anything you wanna share?

O.J.

No, not really.

JOE (O.S.)

Peter, we're not really hearing him very well. Can you get closer?

Peter edges up to O.J. and gets on his tiptoes so that his chest is right up against O.J.'s face.

PETER

Um, are you sure, O.J.? Are you sure you wouldn't like to confess to the murders of Ron Goldman and Nicole Brown Simpson?

O.J.

What?

We hear **feedback** from the wire. O.J. looks down.

O.J. (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

O.J. opens Peter's shirt, revealing the wire.

O.J. (CONT'D)

(GASPS) You're wearing a wire!

We hear the van **engine** start O.S. and we see the van **peel away** in the background. Peter and O.J. stare at each other for a beat.

PETER

Well, O.J., this has been such great fun. I'd like to thank you and the manufacturers of Honey Nut Cheerios for really a dream come true.

O.J.

Peter, I'm hurt. How could you deceive me like this?

Peter falls to his knees, begging.

PETER

Oh, god, O.J., please don't murder me!

O.J.

Wait a minute. Is this about that whole business back in 1994?

PETER

Well, yeah.

O.J.

Darn it, that's been chasing me for fifteen years. And here I was, looking forward to a nice day of golf, away from all those people who have demonized me and made me out to be some kind of boogey man, even though I was found innocent by a jury of my peers.

PETER

But, what about the civil trial?

O.J.

Believe me, Peter. There was nothing <u>civil</u> about it.

PETER

(CHUCKLES) Boy, you really are disarmingly charming.

O.J.

Most of all, though, I guess I'm disappointed because my life's kind of gone down the tubes.

(MORE)

O.J. (CONT'D)

I haven't had a job in over a decade, and all my Hollywood friends have turned their backs on me. And I guess I kind of thought you and I could be friends.

PETER

Really?

O.J.

Sure, Peter. I think you're a real nice guy. And it's been so long since I've had somebody who cared about me.

O.J. sits down and starts to **cry.** Peter kneels down to comfort him.

PETER

Hey, hey, don't cry, O.J. Everything's gonna be alright.

Peter starts to sing to O.J. to the tune of "**Suddenly, Seymour**" from "Little Shop of Horrors."

SONG TO COME.

By the end of the song, we see that they have bonded.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The family, minus Peter, sits on the couch watching TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to "Me & Osama,"

starring Osama bin Laden!

INT. SITCOM LIVING ROOM - DAY (ON TV)

OSAMA BIN LADEN sits on the couch. A QUIRKY SITCOM ROOMMATE enters.

QUIRKY SITCOM ROOMMATE

Osama, did you eat my last grilled cheese sandwich?

OSAMA BIN LADEN

(VERY SITCOM-ISH) Hey man, don't start a holy war. I jihad to eat something, and we didn't have shi'ite in the fridge!

The studio audience **groans.**

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)

You ruined my life!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter and O.J. enter from the front door.

PETER

Hey everybody, look who I brought home. Ten-thousand rushing yards, six pro bowls, one arrest, and no convictions. Orenthal James Simpson!

O.J.

Hi, Griffins.

The family, except for Stewie, is stunned.

LOIS/BRIAN/STEWIE

Oh my god. / What the--? / Hey, Stewie Griffin, I'm a big fan of your work.

O.J.

It's nice to meet you all. Hey, Peter, you mind if I use your rest room?

PETER

No, it's down the hall and make a right.

O.J. exits. As soon as he's out of ear-shot:

LOIS

Peter, are you out of your mind bringing O.J. Simpson into our home?!

PETER

Look, don't make that face at me, Lois. O.J. is innocent, alright? He got a bum rap. And that is gonna be the position of this family. Now, he's gonna stay here with us in Quahog until I can help him get his life back on track.

LOIS

O.J. Simpson? Staying with us?

Over my dead body!

O.J. (O.S.)

That sounds good.

The family **gasps.** **ANGLE ON** the stairs, where O.J. enters, talking on his cell phone.

O.J. (CONT'D)

(INTO THE PHONE) No, I'm serious, that sounds really good. Your singing voice is getting a lot better. I'll talk to you later, current blonde girlfriend.

O.J. hangs up his cell phone.

PETER

Hey, O.J., Lois and I just wanted to tell you that you're welcome to stay here as long as you like.

O.J.

Wow. James Woods was wrong. You're a really nice guy. Alright, I'll get my stuff.

O.J. exits.

BRIAN

You know, Peter, I'm not comfortable being in the same house with someone who killed two people.

LOIS

Yeah, Peter, this is the most revolting thing you've done since you tried to get that phlegm up in church.

INT. CHURCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The family sits in church as the MINISTER drones on.

MINISTER (O.S.)

And we can use the lord's example in our daily life, not only in our dealings with friends, but also with our enemies. Let us turn our unkind words kind, our discouraging thoughts uplifting, and our miserly gestures generous.

PETER

(TRYING TO CLEAR PHLEGM FROM HIS THROAT, GROWING PROGRESSIVELY MORE DISRUPTIVE)

STEWIE

For god's sake, this is a Catholic church, not a mosque.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lois is alone on the couch, reading a book, when O.J. enters. She tenses up, nervously.

O.J.

Hello, Lois. My god, you look tense.

He starts to give her a neck massage, making her even more nervous.

LOIS

Please don't do that. (THEN, REACTING TO MASSAGE) Well, it does feel kind of nice. Oh, my god, that feels good. (WHISPERS) Choke me.

O.J.

What? (THEN) Wait a second. (RECOGNIZING) Lois? You're not Lois Pewterschmidt are you?

LOIS

Yes.

O.J.

I heard about you. Tony Dorsett said you were the freakiest white woman in the NFL.

LOIS

You should know.

O.J.

What do you mean?

LOIS

Well, this is a little awkward, but you and I may have had sex through a hole in the wall at Ed "Too Tall" Jones' house in 1979.

O.J.

(RECALLING) By god, I remember that.

(MORE)

O.J. (CONT'D)

You were studying for a Chinese History final. How'd you do on that?

LOIS

Actually, it was an Algebra quiz and I was only sixteen.

Meg enters.

MEG

Mom, somebody drilled a hole in my bedroom door.

LOIS

(SHAKING HER HEAD) O.J...

O.J.

Now that I'm guilty of.

They **laugh.**

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY

O.J. sits at the table, drinking coffee. Lois is at the sink doing dishes when Stewie enters.

STEWIE

Hey, Juice, is it alright if I call you Juice? Great. Listen, I was wondering if you could give me a little advice on how to murder a woman and get away with it.

O.J.

Look at you, you are so cute. I love babies.

STEWIE

Right, I get it. We'll talk later. I see you're playing it cool. I won't tell you who the intended victim is, but I'll just look at the offending party and whistle.

Stewie gestures with his head towards Lois, who is standing at the sink, and **whistles.**

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter and O.J. watch TV. **ANGLE ON** the TV.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV)

TOM TUCKER and DIANE SIMMONS sit behind the news desk.

TOM TUCKER

Good evening, I'm Tom Tucker.

DIANE SIMMONS

And I'm Diane Simmons.

TOM TUCKER

Our top story tonight, Quahog, Rhode Island, known for quaint neighborhoods, white sandy beaches, and (UPWARD INFLECTION) harboring blood-thirsty murderers?!

DIANE SIMMONS

That's right, Tom. Former murderer O.J. Simpson has moved to Quahog, and local residents have a lot to say about it.

We see an **INSERT** of Quagmire.

QUAGMIRE

I'll be honest, I'm not too happy that he's here. This is a nice, quiet little town. Lotta families are used to leaving their doors unlocked, their windows unlatched... I mean, many of the women go to bed without any clothes on, it's just that kinda town. And we wanna keep it that way.

We see an **INSERT** of THE HISPANIC MAID.

HISPANIC MAID

I-- I no like. (WALKING AWAY) No take my picture.

We see an **INSERT** of FJURG VAN DER PLOEG, holding a cake.

FJURG

He came into my bockery, ate my cack, and left without pee-ing.

BACK ON Tom and Diane.

TOM TUCKER

Well, it seems like the people have spoken, and across the board, they do not like the Simpson. While fourteen or fifteen years ago, the Simpson was beloved by all, it is clear now that the Simpson has taken a drastic turn for the worse. That's our report. Now, stay tuned for an all new "Simpsons."

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

O.J.

Well, looks like it's one more town the media has run me out of.

PETER

No way, Juice. You can't let them tell you how to live your life. We just gotta get you back on your feet.

O.J.

You think?

PETER

Of course. We'll get them to accept you again. Just like they accepted me after what I did to Thelma and Louise.

EXT. CANYON - DAY (FLASHBACK)

THELMA and LOUISE drive in their convertible with a large team of POLICE CARS in tow.

THELMA

You know what? Let's just turn ourselves in. I got a great lawyer. He says worst case, eight to twelve years.

LOUISE

And when we get out, we'll still have the rest of our lives ahead of us.

As they approach the lip of the canyon, Louise slows the car down to give themselves up. They look at each other and smile with relief.

ANGLE ON the rear of the car, where we see Peter's head pop up. He begins to **push** the car with all his might towards the lip of the canyon.

PETER

Goodbye, terrible women.

He pushes the car over the edge as they fall, **screaming.**

EXT./ESTAB. MORT'S PHARMACY - DAY

INT. MORT'S PHARMACY - SAME

O.J. and Peter enter the pharmacy.

O.J.

You sure this is a good idea?

PETER

Trust me, O.J., you get a job here, people are going to respect you. And Mort's always looking for help.

MORT approaches the counter.

MORT

Oh my god! It's O.J.! He's back for the rest of the Goldmans! Warn cousin Fred! He's a one-man Gestapo!

Mort runs out.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter stands next to O.J.

PETER

Okay, O.J., people will accept you if they see that women are not afraid to be with you.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

And there's nothing a small American town likes more than a black guy dating a white chick. So, here's your date for the evening, my daughter, Meg.

WIDEN TO REVEAL a frightened Meg.

PETER (CONT'D)

Alright, here's the keys, have her home by eleven, or not, and if you get lucky, keep going until you can't Budget any more and she Hertz in her Avis-- ah, rental car jokes, boop-boop. Have fun, you two.

Peter walks off.

EXT./ESTAB. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

The marquee reads, "Tonight Only, The Comedy Stylings Of Simpson & Griffin".

INT. COMEDY CLUB BACKSTAGE - SAME

Peter and O.J. are backstage, wearing identical outfits.

O.J.

Boy, there's a lot of people out there.

PETER

Don't worry, Juice, you're a likeable, funny guy, and people need to be reminded of that. Now, I've written an awesome routine for us. So, just be yourself.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

(WHISPERING EARNESTLY) And trust the material.

INT. COMEDY CLUB STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The curtain opens, revealing Peter and O.J. Peter stands with an upright bass and O.J. holds a guitar like the Smothers Brothers.

O.J.

Oh, Peter?

PETER

Yes, O.J.

O.J.

What do you tell a woman with two black eyes?

PETER

I don't know, O.J. What do you tell a woman with two black eyes?

O.J. doesn't answer.

PETER (CONT'D)

(WHISPERING THROUGH GRITTED TEETH)

Say it!

O.J.

Nothing. You already told her twice.

Peter mugs to the CROWD, waiting for a response.

FLIP TO:

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Peter and O.J. are chased by an ANGRY MOB.

PETER/ O.J.

Whoaaaaaaaa!!!

INT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peter and O.J. **burst** through the door and **slam** it behind them, holding off the angry, **screaming** mob. They stand by the closed door, **panting heavily.**

O.J.

Peter, they hated the act.

PETER

Yeah, I don't think they bought any of the T-shirts either.

Lois and Brian enter.

LOIS

Peter, what happened?

PETER

I'll tell you what happened, (RE: O.J.) somebody took a big pause before the punch line.

A brick **flies through** the window. Brian picks up the brick and removes a note.

BRIAN

(READING) It says, "Go home, O.J."

LOIS

Peter, this is getting out of hand. We have children in this house.

ANGLE OUTSIDE where Stewie is egging on the mob.

STEWIE

(RE: HOUSE) Burn it! Burn it down!

ANGLE BACK INSIDE the house.

O.J.

You know, Peter, I appreciate everything you've done for me, but your family is in too much danger. I'm going to end this right now.

O.J. walks outside.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

O.J. stands in front of the crowd.

O.J.

Ladies and gentlemen, I know you're all upset at me and I can understand why. You've been saying a lot of things and I know there's a lot of things I've left unanswered. Well, today, I'm finally going to admit the truth. (BEAT) I'm a nerd. And you know what? I'm pretty proud of it.

The crowd looks on, touched. "**We Are The Champions**" begins and builds throughout the following.

O.J. (CONT'D)

I know there are probably others of you out there, who may have been called dork, spaz, or geek... Others who have felt left out, stepped on, picked on, put down...

(MORE)

O.J. (CONT'D)

whether you think you're a nerd or not, why don't you come on down and join me.

ANGLE ON TOWNSPEOPLE being turned.

TOWNSPERSON #1

I'm a nerd.

TOWNSPERSON #2

I'm a nerd, too.

TOWNSPERSON #3

Now I wish I'd bought that T-shirt.

The townspeople surround O.J., embracing him. **ANGLE ON** Peter and Lois.

PETER

See, Lois, I told you he was a good person. All those things they said about him were wrong. He's just like us. He just needs to be loved.

ANGLE BACK ON O.J., who pulls out a knife and **stabs** the TWO CLOSEST PEOPLE. He drops the knife and runs off.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ohp, I guess he did do it.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW